The Bossing of State Elections.

It seems next to impossible for any robustly Stalwart politician to under-stand that the bossing of State elections is not the chief duty of a Federal Administration, but that, on the contrary, such an Administration has no more right to meddle with the local elections of the people than it would have to undertake the management of churches, benevolent societies, base-ball clubs or insurance companies.

The Constitution and the acts of Con-

gress prescribe the duties of the Executive Department, including the 105,000 officers pertaining thereto; and it is quite as exasperatingly insolent and far more dangerous to the public welfare for this great Department to push an obtrusive hand into the local concerns of any State than it would be for the Executive authority of a State to force itself within the well-defined limits of Federal jurisdiction.

Twenty years ago two great dangers threatened the destruction of this Gov-

States, the other the absorption of the rights of the States and the people thereof by the central authority. The former was crushed out, at fearful cost, but the latter still exists. It is as great a menace to the future of the Republic, and as bold an invasion of the rights and as bold an invasion of the rights guaranteed by the Constitution, as was its twin evil-the one that gave up the ghost at Appomattox.

The right of local self-government, the right of the people to elect all their local officers without any intermeddling on the part of the hired men whom the people have assigned to do work under the Federal system, is as clear a right as was ever detended by ballot or builet. And the officials who invade this right by "the whole weight of the Adminis-tration," or by any part of that "weight," are just as clearly working for the destruction of the Government that the fathers erected as were the secession leaders when they called on the States to go out of the Federal com-

The Administration had an opportunity in the elections of 1882 to learn what the intelligent people of the United States think of Federal intermeddling in local affairs. It learned, at the same in local affairs. It learned, at the same time, that such interference has a totally different effect in the South from that which it produces in Northern States. In the great State of New York the people resented intermeddling in a way that will not soon be forgotten. Believ-ing that Mr. Folger was the Adminis-tration candidate, and that the Administration was trying to manage the campaign, they rose up in their might and buried Mr. Folger under a majority of about 200,000 votes.

This was no fair test of the relative standing of Folger and Cleveland. The former was known to be bonest and capable, a learned jurist and worthy man. But Cleveland's candidacy represented local self-government. Folger's stood for Federal interference, and the vote for Cleveland was the declaration of the President's own State, the termination exhibited in every depart-Empire State of the Union, that the people who had crushed secession had no tolerance for its twin evil.

While this was transpiring in New York, "the whole weight of the Administration," not its finger, not its hand, but all of its vast power and influence that could be thus disposed of were lican party, convincing them that noth-brought to bear on certain local elec-ing can be worse, and anything must tions in States where there were large masses of ignorant and oredulous col- unalterably ranged against all reform. ored men. These persons were told by Federal officials, detailed for such service and paid out of the public Treasury, that the President had sent his request for them to vote for this, that and the other candidate.

These blacks are not to be blamed for being ignorant, not censurable for being credulous, but their peculiar condition made them as pliant in the hands of the Administration as dough in the grasp of a baker. Therefore, it happened that the policy which was so in-dignantly rebuked and stamped on in New York came near being a great success in two Southern States. And thus it happens that the Administration, according to its central organ, is determined to repeat this year and next the policy of 1882, so far as relates to the

South. . The resources of the Federal Treasury are to be drawn upon to override the will of the people. Thousands of Federal officers—the hired men of the people, each of whom is paid to do cer-tain specific work for all the people un-der the Federal mechanism—are to be sent all over those States to bring the black voters into harmony with the new allies of the Administration-"the desperadoes of the South," as the New York Tribune appropriately styles

It is a beautiful programme, but it is bound to miscarry this time. The current of public opinion is against it. The intelligence of the country is against it with a force that will make itself felt. The coarseness, the grossness of Stalwartism will be compelled to halt. The right of the people to choose their own local law-makers and other officers will be maintained. A decent regard for the opinions of man-kind will be enforced on the Administration so effectually that it will not at-tempt to repeat the abuses that its or-

gans threaten. The attempt to destroy the Govern-ment of the fathers by Federal invasion of the most cherished rights of the people must go into its grave beside its twin brother, accession. — American Register.

No Negotiations with the Enemy-

Before this time next year we shall be in the heat on a Presidential contest. The Republicans will use their best en-deavors in the interim to distract and divide the Democratic party and to strengthen themselves in this State by Their object is to carry New York in 1884, without which the election of their President is hopeless.

Every Republican paper rejoices over lution was in the direct interest of the Republican party.

Following this act of folly come rumors of negotiations between the County Democracy and the Republicans to run a combination local ticket this year. under the fraudulent name of a "citizens'" ticket, in order to "beat Tammany."

Any Democratic organization which trades and bargains with the Republicans in the coming election will be striking a direct blow at the success of the Democratic party, and will be working for the continuation of the Republicans

With a united Democratic party in the State representing all Democratic or-ganizations victory is assured. With a Democratic party in this city united on candidates, or even with three tickets in the field, all the local offices will be

filled by Democrats. No bargain can be made by any Democratic faction with the Republicans without giving the latter the lion's share of the spoils and thus strengthening them for the Presidential fight of next year .- N. Y. World.

Enough to Make a Horse Laugh.

When a leading Republican paper soberly declares that "one of the most prominent and commendable features of the Republican party is its readiness and its determination to abolish abuses to weaken its hold on the country than this same Republican party. For something more than a score of years it has fear me; we may never have met in this ruled the country, and within that period has developed an infinite cata-logue of abuses, not a single one of which has the party as a party ever sought to abolish until it was carried. unwillingly into the work of reform by an irresistible whirlwind of public sentiment. Seek the records and not a single trifling exception will be found from the beginning of the catalogue to the end. Yet that tells but half the tale, and the best half, for the Republican party, as it is equally true, to the eternal humiliation of the Republican party, that the uniform and invariable failure to secure adequate punishment

Government with the guilty offenders. Let Babcock and Belknap and Dorsey and Brady speak for the truth of that charge. Who can question what would have been their portion if there had been any "readiness and determination" in Grant, Garfield and Arthur to "abolish abuses within the party?"
Where is the exception to this continued and persistent course of resistance to all reform, even where public opinion had compelled action? It will be sought in vain in the records of the Credit-Mobilier, whisky-ring, Belknap and Star-route reforms, and it would take a powerful microscope to find to-day any readiness or determination to carry out the reform of the Civil Service, which the emasculated Pendleton bill was professedly passed to secure. There was considerable readiness and much dement of the Government when the time approached for the law to go into effect, but as the whole country knows it was as usual, exclusively exercised to prevent and not to accomplish reform. It is this ineradicable characteristic that is fast driving voters out of the Repubing can be worse, and anything must be better than the rule of a party so St. Louis Republican.

The Dorsey Letters.

The New York Sun prints a couple of columns of correspondence, the same being letters which passed between prominent Republican leaders during the Presidential campaign of 1880, and which go to make it as plain as the nose on a man's face that Garfield and Arthur were elected by the most wicked and profligate use of money and favor-4tism. Several of these letters are from he led her up a flight of stairs into a Garfield to Dorsey, and they show beyond a shadow of doubt that the former was aware of the rascality that was being attempted, and that he actnally knew how and where much of the corruption fund was to be spent. There are also letters to Dorsey and that.' Jewell from Blaine, Allison, New, Tom Platt, John M. Forbes and the good Deacon Smith, of Ohio. Between the lines of some of these one may read of a gigantic plot to destroy popular sovereignty, and of the most outrageous, you follow me?" unscrupulous and devilish schemes to debase the franchise that ever villains foller ye. I didn't come here to be made conceived. Indeed, rascality enough is fun of. I kin read and write as well as plainly written of by the authors of the you kin, and count, too. I want a pair letters, written in black and white, so that now, the letters having been made public, people may see and judge for themselves what manner of men have stood at the head of this once proud and honorable Republican party. From one end of the country to the other the local and State leaders were calling upon Dorsey for money! money! money! Only send them money with which to buy votes and the party of great moral ideas could be saved from impending defeat. Even the good Deacon Smith wrote to Mr. Jewell: "I new tell you that as matters are now going on in Indiana and Ohio, we are beaten in both States. There should be \$50,000 judiciously placed in each State within the next ten days, and two-thirds of it should be reserved for use on election day." This was within less than four weeks of the October election. John C. New wrote of the successful efforts to induce several of the great railway kings to influence their employes to vote the Republican ticket, and Garfield himself wrote of "an important side arrangement" (the italics being his own), which one of his inti-mate friends had made, and which he (Garfield) believed would of itself make Indiana safe for the ticket. These are not forged letters. They are copies of the originals, and no one directly affected by their publication will dare deny their genuineness. The disclosures are sickening indeed, and if anything more were needed to convince an the factional action of the Democratic honest and particular man that the Re-State Committee. The Roosevelt resopublican party ought to go, these letters ill the gap. And we understand that the end is not yet.—Boston Post.

—An incendiary's contrivance for setting fire to a carriage factory in Wal-lingford, Conn., consisted of a shoe-box filled with combustible material covered with turpentine and topped off with a

Mr. Jones and the Tea Gown.

As Mr. Jones was walking airily down Woodward Avenue the other day, swinging his cane and throwing out his chest in military style, he saw a pretty woman in a tea gown, and it nearly drove him frantic. Pretty women he had seen often enough, but in a tea gown, never. This was pink and fluffy, it floated loose from the shoulders and only gave an insinuation of the lovely form beneath. But that was enough. Jones was thrilled from head to foot; he saw the hem of the tea gown reveal a Cinderella slipper; he saw a border of white embroidery; he saw a coquettish morning hat tied down gypsy fashion with a blue veil; he saw—no, he could not see her face, but he had no doubt that this was a lovely girl who was visiting at Sawyer's and of whom Mrs. Jones had been raving for a week past, and he knew the tea gown by her description of it.

He stepped along jauntily, and as he did so caught her eye-it was a baseball hit. He could see through the hateful veil a smile rippling around her shell-like ear, and he sneaked up boldly

and coughed.

And she coughed; then she stopped at a picture window and put a dainty hand, encased in a black silk glove, on

the sill for support.
"Lean on me," whispered Jones. Divine creature, lean on me; do not mortal sublunary sphere, but our souls have known each other in the ineffable yonder-lean on me, sweet one."

She leaned, and together they gazed into the beauties of that shop window, and admired its chromos, and the few faint words she whispered in reply to his burning eloquence thrilled him through and through, and like Oliver

Twist he asked for "more." "Take off that hateful veil; I know you are young and beautiful,"—he was going to say "my wife told me so," but he didn't—"let me look into those perfect orbs, let me gaze on that matchless cheek. You have conquered a heart no woman ever touched before. Let me see your beloved face, sweet creature." She took off her veil and for one blissful moment he gazed into the face of the only woman he had ever loved. "Maria!" he exclaimed, "you ought

to be ashamed of yourself! Masquerading yourself on the streets in broad daylight in such a disgraceful costume. Go home this moment and take it off and never let me see it again. Just suppose it had been some other nian that had seen you in it.

Maria was dumbfounded. She had herself fallen into the pit she digged for him. Where were all the reproaches she had prepared to heap on Jeptha's

"I will walk back with you and protect you from impertinent attentions, continued Jones, loftily, "and I hope this will be a lesson to you. The idea of a woman of your age dressed up like a young girl in a tea-gown! Good heavens, Maria, I have no patience when I think of it." "1-1 thought you wouldn't know

'stammered Mrs. Jones. "Not know you!" Do you suppose 1 would speak to a woman I didn't know-a woman in a tea-gown? Maria, your ideas of morality sometimes shock me-they positively do." Jones came out that time with flying colors, and he tickles himself when he thinks of it. After all, there is nothing like carrying the war into the enemy? camp.—Detroit Post and Tribune.

Her First Specs.

A woman who looked as if she had been a long time in this vale of tears, went into a popular and fashionable jewelry establishment on Jefferson avenue and said:

"I want a pair of spees." "This way," said an obliging clerk with his hair parted in the middle, and long room where space was reserved for optical purposes. A small, nervouslooking man at once surrounded her. "Sit here," he said, placing a chair for her and hanging up an A, B, C card in front of her, this your eyes on

"I ain't going to have my picture taken," said the woman, tartly. "Certainly not, madam; you wish to

renew your eyesight. Just tell me what you can see on that card, 9-7-10. Do "Just let me have my par'sol and I'll

you kin, and count, too. I want a pair of specs "Exactly, but I should recommend eye-glasses with such a nose as yours,

"What's the matter with my nose, hev? If it ain't much of a nose, you ain't goin' to poke fun at it."

"It's a beautiful nose," said the optician, firmly, "and would adorn a handsome pair of eye glasses. Will you kindly look at this circle of lines? Do they all appear to be of the same

"'Pear to be? they air all of a size; no foolin', young man." "Certainly not, madam; if the circles appear to be all of one size your eyes are not deformed. "Deformed! Good gracious! who said

my eyes were deformed? If ever I heard of the like." "You see, madam, we are compelled to test the optic nerve and determine if

the person has presbyopia-"No, sir, I'm a Baptist, and I won't stay here to be insulted—' "You misunderstand me, madam; if our are afflicted with hypomeopia in

either eve-" "Look here, young man," said the woman, fiercely, "I dare say you think you know a lot, but I want a pair of specs; I ain't as young as I used to be,

and-" "Oh, yes," interrupted the rash optician, "I see you are getting old and."
But he never finished the sentence. When the woman came out of the store she was trying to straighten out the ribs of her parasol, and muttering to her-

"Old, indeed! I've ruined a two-dollar parasol, but I haven't lived all these long years to be insulted by being called old! I'll find some hardware store where they speak English to get my specs at. Old! the impertinent thing!" Detroit Post and Tribune.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

-A factory in Elmira, N. Y., "turns" out between two hundred and three hundred augers daily, and is the only industry of its kind in the State.

-Another Pennsylvanian has discovered a new mechanical force, and wants us all to stand on tiptoe to hear it hum. His name is Bromily, and he claims to multiply power without fuel.

-A Georgia farmer, after making practical experiments, announces his belief that an acre of melons will yield as much syrup as one of sugar-cane, while the former does not tax the land near so heavily as the latter. The syrup has a peach flavor.

-A Maine man has invented and constructed a great improvement on the Indian birch canoe, being made of tin, and to avoid the great danger of upsetting or filling with water and sinking, or being swamped in rough water, he has conveniently arranged on either side a series of air-chambers.

-We have in the Southern States in operation, or in course of erection, 191 cotton factories. This outnumbers by twenty-seven all the cotton factories in New England, outside of Massachusetts, and exceeds by sixteen the number in that State.-Pulaski (Tenn.) Citizen.

-To remove fish-bones from the throat, Professor Vololini, of Breslau, recommends a gargle composed of muriatic acid, four parts; nitric acid, one part, and water, 240 parts. The teeth have to be protected by lard or oil. The fish-bones become flexible, and they disappear entirely after a short time.

-The Germantown (Pa.) Telegraph notes the fact that, as the Western States are steadily coming into formida ble competition with each other in the production of tobacco, fruit, cheese, butter, vegetables, etc., the East is coming back to wheat-growing, and urges the seaboard farmers to jump in, raise all the wheat they can, export the surplus to Europe, and thus arrest what is called "the drain of the agricultural districts to supply emigrants to the West. In fact," it says, "the Eastern farmers have suffered in many ways at their expense.'

-To build a ship so that in case of accident to the bow the stern half can be instantaneously separated from it, and can continue the voyage securely and easily on its own account, is the latest contribution to the list of safeguards against the dangers of the sea. The idea is that of a German inventor, and is set forth with some detail in the Hamburg Courier, which sees no reason why it should not be entirely feasible. It would require many departures from the present mode of building vessels, as well as from their internal arrangement and equipment; but the inventor asserts that, as a whole, a vessel so constructed could be fully as seaworthy and swift as any built on the present plan, and would be twice as secure against disaster .- N. Y. Sun.

PITH AND POINT.

-A restaurant announces "eighteen carrot vegetables soup."-Chicago Tri-

-As the New England tobacco crop promises unusually well this year we can expect a fine line of imported cigars presently.

-Some people are never satisfied. Show them how to live happily on a small income and they will want you to furnish the income. - N. O. Picayune.

-"My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head," said Mr. Smith to his wife. "My dearest Joe," I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing another sheep's wool on your back."-Boston Post.

-Two white tramps have been sent to the chain gang for throwing kisses at the young ladies of a Georgia seminary. The privileges of the American citizen seem to be getting very limited indeed.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

-Dr. Chalmers used to say that when one is in the act of tipping his hat to a lady whom he supposes to be an acquaintance it requires a good deal of tact to make believe that he is only scratching his forehead when he finds she is a stranger.

-One fellow might hang around a surf swimming place for weeks and never have a chance to rescue a rich man's daughter from a watery grave. Another would grapple a millionheiress the very first day and be invited to her house to dinner. It is all luck .- N. O. Picayune.

-A lady subscriber wants to know how to catch a husband. We have had no experience in this kind of sport personally, but we have known a husband to be caught by his wife as he was leaving a bar-room. When she got him home, we believe she caught him by the hair of his head -and the husband, well, he caught particular Jesse .- Detroit

-In a new light. "I have been with you now three months," said the junior clerk, and I think I ought to have a salary something nearly comensurate to my services." "H'm!" replied the employer; "well, times haven't been very good; you haven't had yery much to do, you know. Couldn't think of giving you more than fifty dollars a month." Clerk—"Beg pardon, sir, I am not to blame because you haven't done business enough to keep me busy. I expect to get paid for what I know, not for what I do." Employer—"Oh! That puts the matter in a new light. I shall give you five dollars a month hereafter."--N. Y. Graphic.

-"I tell you, pard," said old Jimmy Cannon, a guide, "the West has lost its romance. Only a little while ago, it seems to me, where once there was nothing, but the whoop of the Indian and the song of the six-shooter, now there are railroads and churches and commercial men and high schools and three-card monte men and lecturers and daily newspapers and every little while a natural death. Why within two months, if the blasted papers tell the truth, several men have died in Wyoming of disease. I tell you, it looks as though us old timers would have to move away. When we have to wait for lingering disease to snuff us out it's time Becmerang.

Our Young Folks.

THE LAND OF NOWHERE.

SONG FOR BOYS AND GIRLS WHO ARE WAYS DISCONTENTED.

Do you know where the summer blooms all the year round, the year round,
Where there never is rain on a picnic day.
Where the thornless rose in its beauty grows
And little boys never are called from play?
Oh! hey! it is far away,
In the wonderful land of Nowhere.

Would you like to live where nobody scolds,
Where you never are told: "It is time for bed," Where you learn without trying, and laugh without crying. Where snar's never pull when they comb your head?
Then on! hey! you must hie away
To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

if you long to dwell where you never ne wait, Where no one is punished of made to cry, Where a supper of cakes is not followed by And little folks thrive on a diet of pie;
Then ho! hey! you must go, I say,
To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

You must drift down the river of Idle Dreams,
Close to the border of No-man's land;
For a year and a day you must sail away,
And then you will come to an unknown
strand.

And ho! hey! if you get there—stay In the wonderful land of Nowhere. —Ella Wheeler, in Harper's Young People.

On a Hill.

Sammy Bones lived on the very top of a hill, and the yard that he played in was almost all hill-side. So that if he happened to fall down, and get to rolling before he could get up again, he and good.
never stopped rolling until he reached Each wr the fence at the bottom of the hill.

But this did not happen very often. Really it never happened but just once that I know of. That time he did roll down hill, just like a log of wood or a Do you think that because people down hill, just like a log of wood or a

keg of molasses-clear to the bottom. His mamma was sewing on the mathe time, and chancing to look out, she saw her precious son rolling away! And what was worse, he rolled faster and faster at every roll. Imagine her feelings! But if you're not a mamma yourings! But if you're not a mamma yourself, there's no use in trying to imagine-you can't. But she need not have been so alarmed about him, for half an from a policy wholly adverse to their hour afterwards her son was safely on interests, which has built up the West the top of the hill again—in the house.

nose. Nevertheless, he was very hap- every day. - Christian at Work. py. For besides having been a great hero, "achieved greatness," as Shakespeare would say, he had also achieved some blackberry jam. And he did not get blackberry jam very often, not much oftener than he took a roll down the he was is not known. His dress and hillside. It was only because of the roll appearance indicated respectability, and that he got the jam now. Sammy unafter he got into the rapids his self-posderstood this fact; so withal, he felt that the accident was "all for the best" -now that it was over.

While he ate his bread and jam, his anguish she had suffered while her boy was taking his wonderful circular jour-

"Why, I should think my hair would have turned gray with horror at the sight," she exclaimed, wiping away some more tears that came at the thought.

though! Looking on ain't nothing." he

added, grandly. But a few days afterwards he found

came about in this way: When Sammy's father, who was a doctor, came home at noon on this day, he was in a great hurry. Mrs. Buel, who lived twelve miles out of town, had go to see her right off.

shafts," said the doctor, "and let him get some oats and a few minutes' rest, and then off I must go again."

Then he put two stones before the front wheels of the buggy to keep it own dinner. "Don't meddle with those stones,

Sammy," he said, the last thing.

who were visiting him. So they did not go into the house. "Let's get in the buggy and play horse," said Meg.

And in she and Milly clambered, while Sammy took hold of the shafts dling with the stones, he thought. He pushed harder and harder, and Sammy got very red in the face trying to hold it in. But it wouldn't be held in! It got away from him, and rushed pellmell down the hill with those two little cousins inside screaming "just awfully." when he rolled away a few days before. Oh! he felt dreadfully! Then his papa rushed out, and his mamma rushed out, and his auntie, and Mary Ann, the hired girl, they all chased the buggy down the hill. But they did not catch it-not until it stopped of itself against the fence.

Milly and Meg were not a bit hurt, but they cried and cried; and both of the shafts of the buggy were broken clear off.

So the doctor had to go on horseback to see Mrs. Buel. Nobody scolded Sammy very much,

for he looked so pale and sorry, and no-body gave him any jam this time either. But after a while his mamma smiled a little, and asked him if "looking on" "wasn't something."

And Sammy looked very, very meek, and said: "Yes, ma'm." — Youth's Companion.

Wrinkles.

I wonder, children, if when you look at your grandmother who sits there nodding in her chair - ("I wasn't asleen," says grandmother with says grandmother, with a asleep," says grandmother, with a start; "Of course not," returns grandfather, with a twinkle in his eye)-I wonder if, when you look at those wrinkles in the dear grandmother's face, you think of the thought and the has a dog that climbs trees. It recently to light out for the frontier."—Laramie care and the trials that helped time to captured a raccoon, after a desperate

children, than she was in the old days when she was like a wild rose in June. (Grandmother made a quaint, old-fashioned courtesy, and everybody went over and kissed her.)

But we won't talk of grandmother in particular, we'll talk of wrinkles in gen-eral. When I was a boy I was taught to look with respect on a wrinkled face. Each wrinkle means a great deal. It means suffering and care, and anxiety for others; for that old person has been very selfish, indeed, who has lived only for himself. Few have been so selfish. Yesterday, as I was crossing South Ferry, I saw a wrinkled hand before me

on the rail of the boat. It was a man's hand. It was hard and brown. And, though the man himself had his back towards me, I read him from that hand. He had his Sunday coat on and a tall hat, but the hand was the hand of a laborer. The wrinkles were made as much by constant use as by time. It was an honest hand, and I-grandfather -thought it would be more fitting to a gentleman to kiss that toil-stained hand than the hand of the Sovereign Lady who rules the British Isles, and one of them at least, so badly. When the man turned his face grandfather saw he was not mistaken. The face was an honest one, and when the boat touched the wharf with an awful bang against the woodwork, two boys, neatly dressed, sprang to meet the man, and called "Father." Those wrinkles had been made in daily toil that these nice, bright boys might be kept nice; and bright,

Each wrinkle in your father's face means a day of anxiety or toil for you. For whom does he work? For you For whom does your mother plan, and mend,

grow old they do not like pleasant things? Do you think that it is no sacchine, by the sitting-room window, at rifice to toil and moil day after day?

her cap occasionally, as well as any of you girls. She doesn't ask for it but then she likes your to think of it all the same. And I think I caught hererunchhour afterwards her son was safely on the top of the hill again—in the house. He had been rubbed with arnica here, and anointed with scented salve there, and he had a long strip of court plaster just above one of his eyes, and another strip across the bridge of his but I am sure she seems younger to me

Carried Over Niagara. About sundown one evening recently

a man was carried over the falls. Who

session was extraordinary. His boat was a very good one, decked over the bow, and I should think would carry three or four tons. No other than a mamma with very red eyes, was giving person unacquainted with the current her neighbor, Mrs. Smith, an account of above the rapids would venture so near the shocking affair, and of the mental them. I was on the head of Goat Island when I first discovered the boat, then near half a mile below the foot of Navy Island, and nearly two miles above the falls. There seemed to be two in the boat. It was directed toward the American shore—the wind blowing from the shore, and the sail was still standing. Being well acquainted with the river, I regarded the position of the "Oh!" interrupted Sammy just as river, I regarded the position of the boat as extraordinary and hazardous, and watched it with intense anxiety. Soon I discovered the motion of an gar, and, from the changing direction of the boat, concluded it had but one. While that "looking on " was something. It constantly approaching hearer and nearer the rapids I could discover it was gaining the American shore; and by the time it had got near the first fall in the rapids, half a mile above Goat Island, it was directly above the island. another stroke of paralysis, and he must for some time the wind kept it nearly "Ill just take old Bill out of the stationary. The only hope seemed to whether I should run half a mile to give the alarm or remain to assist in case the boat attempted to make the island, was a question of painful doubt." But from rolling away, and went in to his soon the boat was again turned toward the American shore. Then it was certain that it must go down the American rapids. I ran for the bridge, rallied a Sammy had had his dinner, and so man at the tell-gate, and we ran to the had his two little cousins Meg and Milly. main bridge in time to see the boat just before it got to the first large fall in the rapids. Then I saw but one man-he standing at the stern with his oar changing the course of the boat down the current, and as it plunged over he sat down. I was astonished to see the boat and began pulling. Taking hold of the rise, with the mast and sail standing, shafts and pulling a little was not med- and the man again erect directing the dling with the stones, he thought. He just pulled a "little bit," when suddenly the buggy began to push. It sat down, and then would rise and apply his oar in the intermediate current. Still there was hope that he would come near enough to the pier to jump, but in a moment it was gone. Another that he might jump upon the rock near the bridge, but the current dashed him And Sammy could only stand still and from it under the bridge, breaking the look on, just as poor mamma had done mast. Again he rose on the opposite side. Taking his oar. and pointing his boat toward, the main shore, he cried: "Had I better jump from the boat?" We could not answer, for either seemed certain destruction. Within a few rods of the falls the boat struck a rock, turned over and lodged. He appeared to crawl from under it, and swam with the oar in his hand until he went over the precipice. Without the power to render assistance-for half an hour watching a strong man struggling with every nerve for life, yet doomed with almost the certainty of destiny to an immediate and awful death, still hoping with every effort for his deliverance caused an intensity of excitement I pray God never again to experience. - Buffalo Advertiser. and the

-A Louisville (Ky.) father got wind of the fact that his daughter intended to elope, and proceeded to act in a somewhat unconventional magner. He said he would be Dan Tuckered if there should be any cloping in his family, so he "laid" for the couple. He caught them at two o'clock in the morning and hustled them before a justice of the peace, where he had them married in regulation order, himself acting as master of ceremonies .- Louisville Courier-Journal.

-A North Chatham (N. Y.) farmer make them. She is sweeter to me. fight, in the high branches of a chestnut.